

# 3RD ANNIVERSARY MCWR



PARRIS ISLAND FEBRUARY 13, 1946



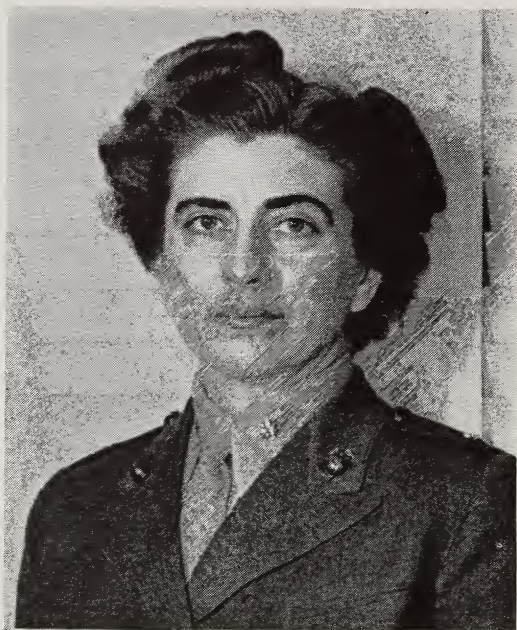


An aerial photograph of a military camp. The image shows several large, long, white buildings with dark roofs, likely barracks or administrative buildings. There are also smaller, two-story buildings with gabled roofs. The camp is surrounded by a fence, and there are some trees and open areas. The text "D.I." is superimposed in large, stylized letters at the top.

D.I.

Third Anniversary  
MCWR  
1943-1946

## To the Women's Reserve Battalion



On this third anniversary of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, we can look back with pride and forward with confidence; pride in that when we volunteered we were chosen, pride in the contribution that we were able to make in time, skill, and energy; pride in being a part of the Marine Corps. And because of such pride we can look forward with confidence. We thought we

could do a job, we did, and we can do it again if we're needed, perhaps even better. We have learned much of ourselves and of others. We have had a little part in a big show. We couldn't take the risks, suffer and die as our men did but we did what was asked of us as best we could, each in our little niche.

To those who have played on the team with me — my congratulations on a job well done, my thanks for your spirit, your cooperation and your loyalty, and my best wishes for your future.

HARRIET C. WALLEM  
Major, USMCWR  
MB; Parris Island, So. Car.









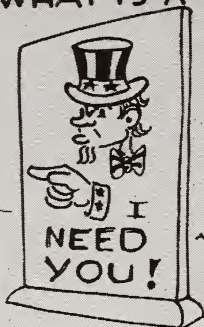
# WHAT IS A WOMAN MARINE?

SHE IS, FIRST, A LADY—  
SECOND, A MARINE!

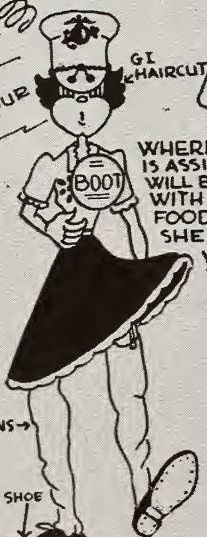


SHE IS A GAL WHO WAS  
ASHAMED OF BEING A  
1A CIVILIAN—IN TIME  
OF WAR!

SHE CALLS HER TIE A "FIELD-  
SCARF" AND WEARS A DIMPLE  
IN IT. SHE IS THE BEST-  
DRESSED WOMAN IN THE  
WORLD!



HUT TWO  
THREE FOUR

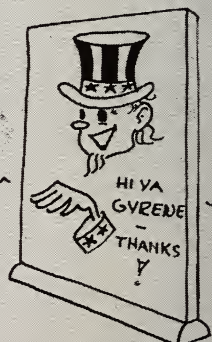


WHEREVER SHE  
IS ASSIGNED, SHE  
WILL BE PROVIDED  
WITH WHOLESOME  
FOOD AND EXERCISE—  
SHE IS THE HEALTHIEST  
WOMAN IN  
THE WORLD!

G'MORNING,  
UNCLE—SIR

SHE SALUTES WITH A  
SMILE AND A GREETING.  
SHE IS THE BEST DIS-  
CIPLINED WOMAN IN  
THE WORLD!

SHE  
KNOWS  
HOW  
TO MARCH AND TO DRILL,  
TO DO HER JOB WITH  
MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY.  
SHE IS THE BEST  
TRAINED  
WOMAN IN  
THE WORLD!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE  
MY WORD FOR IT—  
JUST ASK ANY  
WOMAN MARINE!



## The Women of P. I.

Parris Island was strictly male until one windy day in January of 1944 when the first Marine Corps Womens Reserves hit the beach. Rugged salts raised an eyebrow. "Women on the Island?" It was preposterous! Today, two years later, the eyebrows are back in place.

It was no bed of roses to which we were ordered, those of us who arrived to the tune of wintry winds. Most of the first Salty Sals are civilians now, but there are a few who will remember when there were no palmettoes, no weeping willows, no flowers in the Women's Area, just sand, sand, sand, who recall with pain that guard duty came up every second or third night (perish the thought!) and a relief from 0200 to 0400 was a nightmare wrapped in icicles, when only Barracks 904 was completed and gals could go to the Slop Shute and Staff Club only when escorted by males. The Women's Area with its buff stucco buildings was completely Out of Bounds to men in those early days, and when the first dance was held in the Sports Center, male admission was limited by invitations distributed by organization commanders. Soon after the first contingent of WAVES made their appearance here, Capt. Wallem took over Jan. 15, 1944, first contingent enlisted WR's (took over in May) as CO to relieve Major Pepper for administrative duties. The first all-Marine wedding had the Island astir; how many times has it been repeated since then? Every two weeks we watched eagerly for the arrival of buses of eager-eyed Boots from Lejeune. Suddenly the stifling heat of summer enveloped us and we wilted in the sun as we stood in Mail-and Pay-Line at the WR Ad Building. The main form of recreation through those summer days of '44 was a nightly hike to the Open Air Theatre beyond the Triangle PX, where we were permitted the luxury of relaxing in dungarees. Trips ashore were hardly worth the effort, for liberty was only until midnight and transportation undependable. Late in the summer the garrison cap made its welcome appearance, and those despised snap-brims were surveyed with a smile. Liberty uniform, however, was still dress hat and white pumps (oh, my achin' feet!). WR talent made itself known when two of our gals sang on coast-to-coast radio broadcasts, and Variety Shows were a common occurrence at the Open Air. Then, one day Post Order #38 reared its ugly head! When Boot Camp was partially closed at Lejeune because the MCWR had filled its quota, Sgt. Betty Crisman came to us briefly to leave a lasting memory of snappy drill to the finest cadence to which we have ever "hut-two-three-foured". We danced under the Carolina moon among the gnats and mosquitoes at the Sports Center Tennis Courts behind which we swam in the clear, blue pool, and dancing was permitted in the Slop Shute. Late that summer Tommy Tucker played for us at the Open Air and USO Shows made their one-night stands. A juke box, and fruit juice in big water jugs were introduced in the mess hall. The circus came to P. I.! That Fall the new Staff Club had its gala opening, the new Post Office and Dental Dispensary were





"A MILITARY SALUTE IS AN ACT  
OF COURTESY EXCHANGED BE-  
TWEEN MEMBERS OF THE  
SERVICES." the "red book"



THE "BOOT" - SHE IS AN  
EAGER-BEAVER, BUT SHE  
SOMETIMES MISSES HER AIM!

THE FLIRT!



WINDY DAY — !



THE OLD SALT —  
"REGULATIONS WERE MADE  
TO BE BROKEN!"



THE "CAN'T SEE A THING" TECHNIQUE

BRISTOL



completed and the Guard Hut replaced 904 for Guard Duty. Of all the griping that has ever been done by Marines, no building has ever echoed with more heartfelt gum-beating than that miserable little hut! For a time there was a shortage of men here, for we had "freed a man to fight." Then Vets, replaced in the Pacific by the men we had released, invaded our swampland and demanded overseas pay for the Battle of P. I.! The pride and joy of our G. I. hearts, the WR band, paid us a visit that winter, transporting us back to the boondocks of Lejeune with its lively melodies. Bicycles and tennis courts appeared in the area, to help the waistline situation, but PX milkshakes persisted in gaining the upper hand. Colonel Street came to give us the word on Hawaiian duty and the area was abuzz with overseas scuttlebutt. Some of our cobsers had the courage to volunteer and away they went, to write back glowing letters of the beautiful isle. Christmas of '44 was a happy occasion, for the WR Area held Open House to entertain the boys just returned stateside and there was food and mistletoe galore!

The new year began with a prayer for peace. We drilled twice a month and saw training films, walked guard through the black endless night, enjoyed movies at the Lyceum and dances at the Sports Center and the Beaufort USO. Early in '45 Kay Kyser put on the best show this Island has ever seen. In February we celebrated our second MCWR Birthday with a dance, a cake, and a variety show. Capt. McAfee of the WAVES, stopping by, charmed us with her ready wit. Our officers ran away with every basketball game they played. The Hostess House replaced the Old Post Inn. During the Easter sunrise service at the Open Air, a flock of geese flew overhead to form a V for Victory. We traveled to Charleston to marvel at the world-famous gardens. Ray Kinney tempted us to volunteer for Hawaii with his lilting rhythms. The Main Station flag was flown at half-mast for President Roosevelt. Our softball team put in a hard-hitting season in brand-new red satin shorts. V-E Day did not move us greatly, for the war in the Pacific seemed like a long ordeal, but sooner than we had dared to dream, it, too, was won. We thrilled with pride at the fighting of the Marines on those Pacific islands — many of them we had laughed with here, many of them we had watched as awkward recruits who did not know their left from their right.

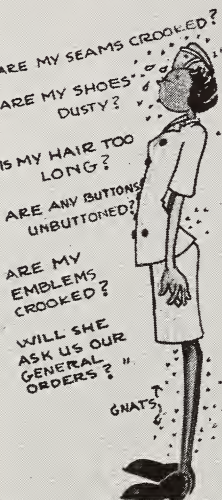
Now that peace is here once more, and the Corps is returning to its prewar proportions, our girls are being replaced by men and discharged to civilian life, where they will no longer hear the song of the DI's cadence, the clash of GI trays, the cry of LIGHTS OUT and HIT THE DECK, KNOCK IT OFF and FALL IN, where there will no longer be the smell of shoepolish and the skivvie-clad confusion of GI parties. Already we have seen many changes since the end of the war. The WR aviation barracks is closed and the other two are no longer crowded. The long-dreamed-of Rec Hall occupies our leisure hours with all the comforts of home. Officers and enlisted girls with whom we served for many months have gone out of our lives, not on furlough as before, but this time to stay. A feeling of sadness comes over us as we think of the day when the last Woman Marine will carry her seabag out through the main gate, for we have been happy here. This summer of 1946 the Island will be returned once more to the hands of the old salts and the skin-headed Boots with whom we shared it for a time. Though we wear silks and satins and our shoes have no toes, we will never lose the memory of Paradise Isle, or of things GI.

— PFC. BARBARA E. BRISTOL



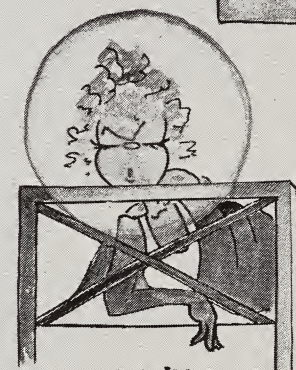
# GUARD DUTY

1. OFF TO THE GUARDHOUSE



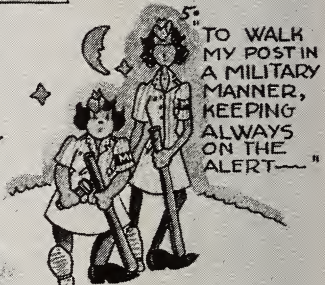
GNATS?

3. INSPECTION (gulp!)

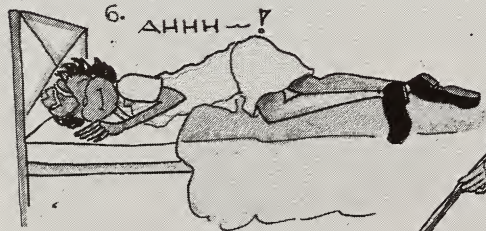


4. BUT IT CAN'T BE 1:30 ALREADY!

2. GUARD MEETING  
(getting THE WORD from the O.D.!)



8. INSPECTION — AT 0600.

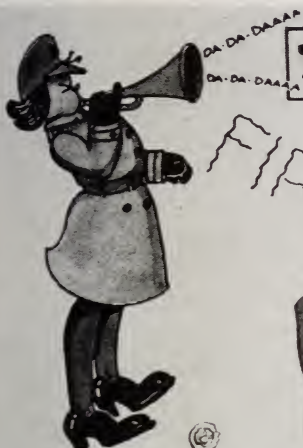


7. GOING THE GUARD HOUSE AT 0545.

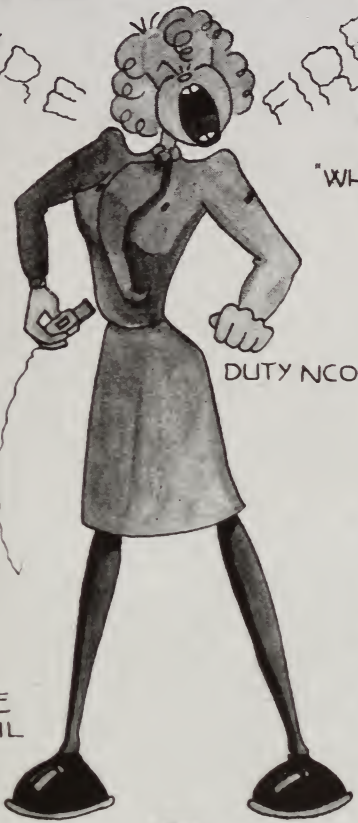




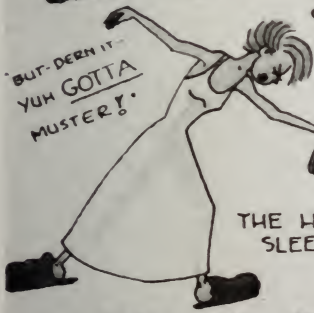
# FIRE · DRILL



"WHAT HAVE I DONE TO  
DESERVE THIS—?"



"FIREMAN, SAVE MY  
CHILD !!"



THE HEAVY  
SLEEPER—



BRISTOL

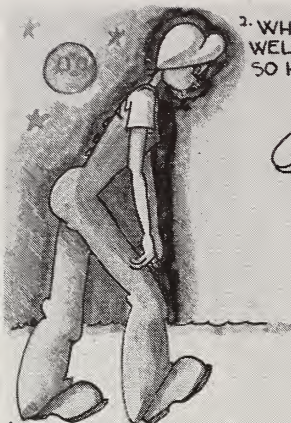
## *Fond Memories*

THE SPORTS PROGRAM we have enjoyed here will be reason enough to recall many fond memories of Parris Isle. Remember how Alice Stuck could sling that horseshoe around the peg—and then Lorraine Bruso tossed one smack on top of it! Perhaps someone will think of a certain winter night when our basketball team was detained in a ditch and Georgia Thornton stepped in water up to her knees while pushing the bus. There's the story about Ruth Casper who never attended archery class—and then walked off as winner of the tourney! Members of the past Softball Team will never forget Coach Seiler, and Walt and Softshoulders will be a permanent part of the memories of the Basketball Team. Bottle Botz will no doubt recall losing her softball cap at Cherry Point; that was the night that Little Red Thivierge refused to stay sacked in —! And Peggy Goings with her "beautiful pass" —! Gloria Carver's "Oshkosh B'Gosh" jacket we will never forget, nor Wehrli's swabbie hat, nor Fisher's "Dust Pan Blues", nor Bugs Bunny who was good-luck charm at the Basketball Games, nor Jonesie and Addie with their sack of lemons. There will be the memory of tennis, golf, bowling, swimming, bicycling, pingpong, pool, dancing, in the Rec Hall, of comradeship and singing and laughter, of hard-fought games, of good sportsmanship. The carefree gaiety we have known here will never come again — but we will remember!





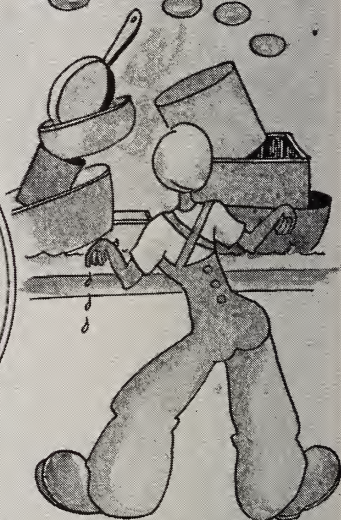




2. WHERE SMILING COOKS AND BAKERS WELCOME HER WITH OPEN ARMS..AND SO HER DAY BEGINS! HER CHORE MAY BE ONE OF MANY:

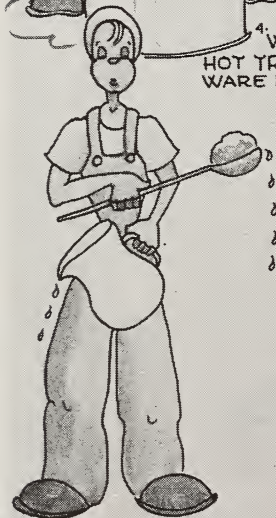


1. LONG BEFORE THE CRACK OF DAWN THE MESS GIRL TRIPS GAILY TO THE MESS HALL-

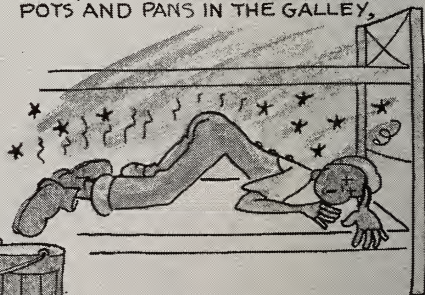


4. WASHING SCALDING- HOT TRAYS, CUPS, AND SILVER-WARE IN THE SCULLERY,

5. SCOURING GREAT MOUNTAINS OF POTS AND PANS IN THE GALLEY,



7. SCRUBBING OUT G.I. CANS, ASSISTING THE BUTCHER, OR A DOZEN EQUALLY APPEALING TASKS.



AT DAY'S END THE MESS GIRL IS NOT WEARY. SHE IS NUMB! HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE THING TO RECOMMEND MESS DUTY; BY COM- PARISON WITH IT, EVERY OTHER JOB IS A PICNIC!

6. SERVING FOOD TO HUNDREDS OF STARVING- WOMEN IN GREEN,







# U.S.O. DANCE



THE STAG LINE



THE WOLF !

SUGAR, I DREAMED  
ABOUT AN ANGEL  
LIKE YOU FOR  
26 LONG MONTHS!  
IN THE  
SOUTH PACIFIC!



THE HEP-CAT !  
(ONE DANCE WITH  
JUNIOR AND YOU'RE  
OFF TO THE DISPENSARY!)



SINATRA ! (NO ONE EVER  
TOLD HIM HE COULD SING —  
NO ONE EVER HAD TO !)



THE SHOWOFF !  
(IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU  
CAN'T FOLLOW HIM —  
NOBODY CAN !)

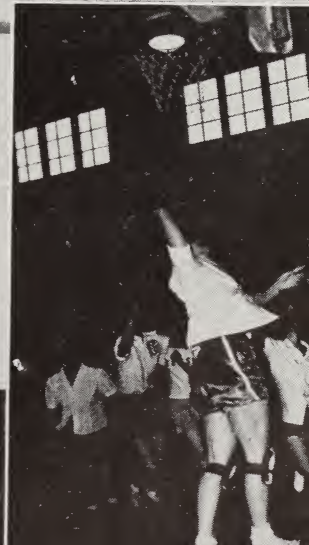
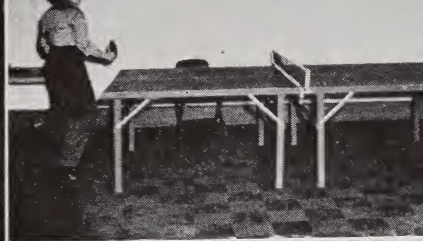
THE ADOLESCENT !  
(HE HAS NO SENSE OF RHYTHM —  
BUT HE'S A WHIZ AT GUM —  
POPPING !)

THE GUMBEATER OR  
"I NEED A CHAPLAIN" TYPE !  
(HIS TROUBLES ARE YOUR TROUBLES !)

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL A-WINDING —







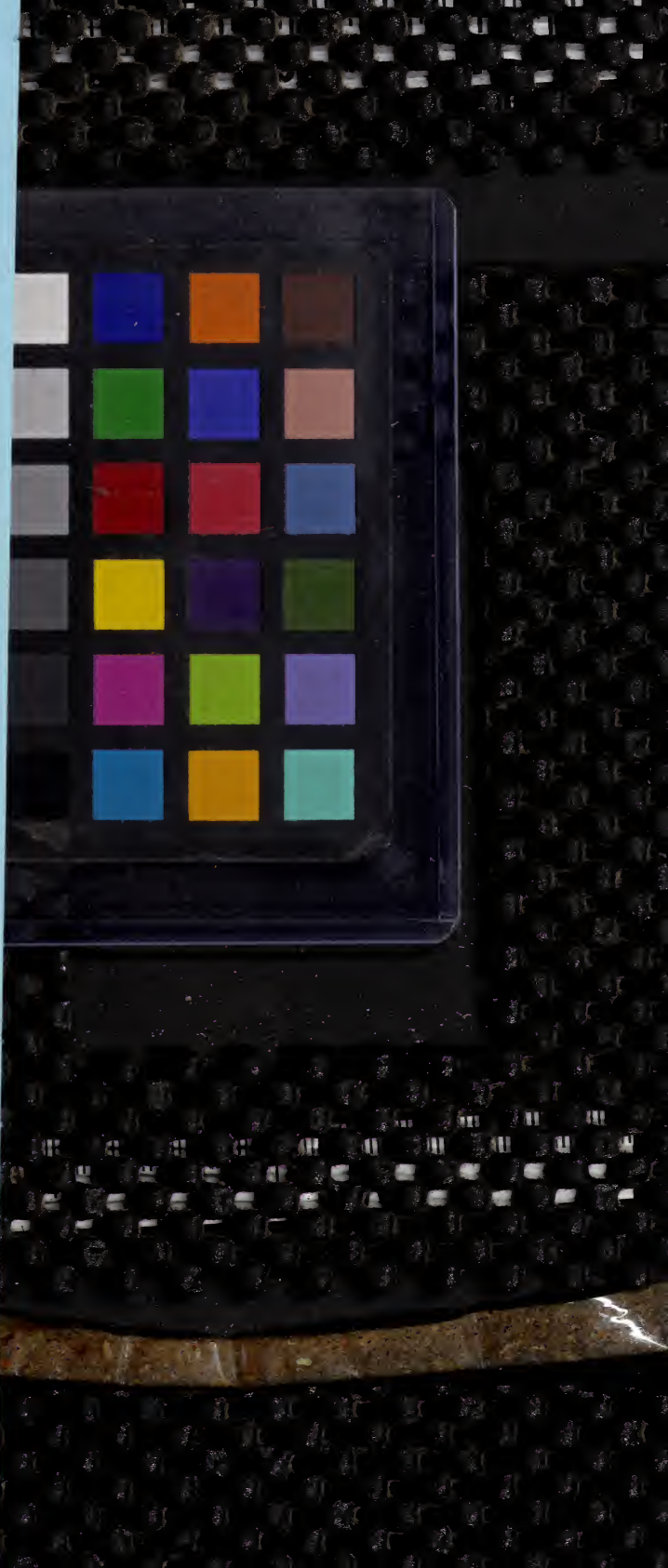












P. I., third anniversary MCWR, 1943-1946

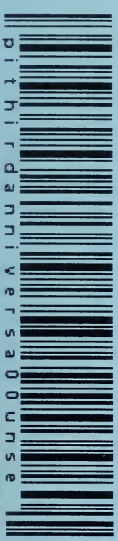
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A system of target practice. For the use of troops who  
Henry Heth

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